PRESIDENT CASSATT.

to Be Big-Mr. Reed's Elephant.

A. J. Cassatt. president of the Pennsyl-

vanta Railroad, likes a horse better than

anything else in the world, but his tastes

are so catholic and his information so varied

that he is able to make himself interesting

He is one of the charter members of

diving club in Philadelphia-that town is

famous for such organizations whose methods remind one of a progressive euchre

party. Every member must attend every dinner, or be fixed, and each must invite

one guest. There are twenty-one members.

and thus a fully attended dinner is always

When al are scated, each guest is placed

the dinne, at a signal, the members all

change pk ces, so that nobody has a chance

to bore sybody else. This change is

At one # these dirners the members and

plorer fresh from strange ands, a great ship-

financier, but Mr. Cassatt's was the most

He talked like an expert about hackneys

runners, trotters, Assyrian antiquities

German operas, irrigation, nervous dis-

eases, Tibetan goats, automobiles, pictures,

statuary, ecclesiastical architecture, and,

in fact, every topic he was approached upon

except railroading. Concerning this he

did not seem anxious to exploit his know-

ledge. And his demeanor was as unassuming as his information was encyclopedic.

Senator Chauncey Mitchell Depew is

devoted to the newspaper clipping. Nearly

to one or another of the many clipping

bureaus, but Mr. Depew keeps a goodly

supply of his clippings constantly by him.

When he leaves his office in New York

or his committee room in Washington, he sticks a handful of the latest cuttings he

has received into the left-hand side pocket

so that he can consult them whenever he

has a spare moment.

every man in public life to-day subscribes

interesting personality about the table.

repeated veral times during the evening.

on almost any topic.

served to forty-two.

Senator Depew a Student of Clipping

Prof. Pavese, Champion of the Italian School. Has Arranged it; His Many Duel: .\* .\*

fencing, and he and the the family are to learn the art from Prof. Generoso Pavese ore, the world's champion master the Italian school. Pavese wounded two Italiar in Nice of the foll. fray into which Pavese tried

rep. 16. President Roosevelt | remained there until 1887, when he was ordered by the Italian Government to leave school and join his regiment-the Nirth Cavalry. Directly after receiving his diploma he took part in the great international tourney at Firenzi, and was honorattention of Mr. Rooseveit ably mentioned by the judges for a king in to meet in mortal combat a brilliant showing far beyond what was and Vega, the great Fanch to be expected in one so young it he use

Two years later, in 1889, he was fi st in a classification of swordsmen in Ro and and an losity of Pavese's desire to meet one year later, at a benefit performance en sword in hand ttracted at the Circolo Romano, he was lauded and



President sent for the fencing master. Pavese speaks English imperfectly, and he found some difficulty in making the White House attendants understand his mission. In the ante-room were Senators and Ambassadors all waiting for audience with the Chief Executive.

But Mr. Roosevelt's weakness for bear hunters, wrestlers, boxers and football players is well known and when they did understand, the messenger lost no time communicating the pleasing information that Pavese was waiting. He didn't wait long. Affairs of state and international comity took a recess while the President interviewed the fencing master. The other audience seekers cooled their heels in the

The President displayed enthusiasm.

the attention of Mr. Roosevelt and the , praised by the judges for his great generalship. As the points were not counted in this contest it can only be judged by the newspaper accounts. The Italian Tribunc said that "Pavese is a marvellous fencer and had a great advantage over the rest of his adversaries."

The points were not counted because the contest was for a charitable purpose All of the fencers who took part volunteered their services and Pavese, in the popular opinion, was the master of them all

At the international tourney at Bologne in 1891 he won the first prize with the sabre and the second with the foil, and in the general result he gained the first place In the same year, in an international tour ey in Venice and Genoa, he was declared the wir.ner of both the foil and sabre events. In 1812 he was in Paris with Professors Pini He sought information about the art so and Sartori, when the French foil was

handled by the noted Morignac, Perges.

Pravost, Rouleau and Rue as contestants

Prof. Pavese came out with a single-handed

But Signor Pavese has not only shown

himself the master of the foil and sabre in

peace on the stage. He has demonstrated

on the duelling ground that he can defend

his life as well as his reputation. He is

the hero of thirteen duels and is marked

here and there with scars from sabre,

His most notable duel was in the city of

Aversa, near Naples on Nov. 16, 1888, with

Count Cotini. Pavese was sitting in

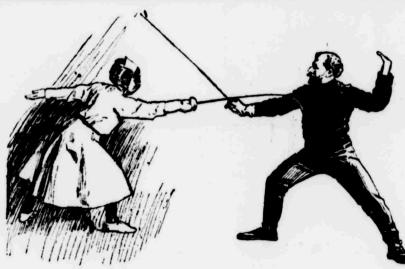
insult. So gross was it that the Colonel

of Pavese's regiment obtained permission

from the Minister of War, Cen Ricotti,

broadsword and rapier.

victory from each of these experts.



A CLEAN THRUST.

eagerly that the Italian master-at-arms was highly pleased, and they parted the best of friends, Mr. Roosevelt promising to take up the exercise next month.

Pavese has trained faithfully for the miats which he expects to have this spring. The first will be with Prof. Vincenzo Baroni, now of New York, also an Italian. But Pavese's greatest ambition is to get in mortal combat with some Frenchman. He was born in Naples in 1865. At the age of 17 he entered the Platoon of Instruction, at Pinerolo, and while there demonstrated his ability for fencing. In 1885 he successfully passed the necessary examination for entrance to the Magistral | a cafe and the Count offered him a gross School for Fencing of Poine and there underwent a course of study graduating n 1887 with honors. He had the good f rune to be instructed by three of the best swordsmen ever known; Professors Carlo Pessini, Doni and Peresi. These experts took a great interest in their pupil and he rapidly grasped the art as taught by them. The diploma he now holds is one much coveted throughout Europe.

After graduation he was engaged s heel as master and instructor. He

I was in Bermuda last fall," said Luther

B. Little, chief custodian and disseminator

at headquarters in this city. "I liked it on

sight, but when I saw the big fish that lives

in it and comes up when it is whistled to

and lets itself be stroked on the back as

you would stroke a pet kitten, the Devil's

Hole won me, and a life-size picture of it

will hang on the walls of my memory as

ling as those walls have plaster enough

"The Devil's Hole is a big hollow cylinder

of coral, rising out of the island not far

from the seashore. You might liken it to

a gas tank with the top off. Although it

reservoir of water at the bottom has in

constant confinement hundreds of big fish.

none of them less than five pounds in weight,

"The water in the Devil's Bule varies in

depth according to the ebb and flow of

the tide, showing that there is some mys-

terious connection between the reservoir

and the sea. The big fish that crowd the watery depths of that small coral enclosure

were not born there. They are chiefly

tockfish and groupers, choice food fish, that are caught in the sea and kept in

dinner the order is sent to the custodian

of the Devil's Hole and he nets out the fish necessary to fill it. Not only fish for food are kept in store in that curious reser-

storage in the Devil's Hole for market use. "If a family or a hotel wants fresh fish

voir, though

and running from that up to ten pounds.

a diameter of but seventeen feet its

both campaign literature and political

the Republican State Committee

close. The Count was a skiiful and well known duellist and a dangerous antago-Payese's maiden duel was with Car THE DEVIL'S HOLE IN BERMUDA deep niches in the coral walls, in which he water gathers forming miniature pools. Mr. Little's Vivid Recollection of a Wonder In these the collectors of the queer fishes in which Bermudan waters seem to be "The Devil's Hole struck me as being about so prolific store the specimens they secure as edifying a show place as any I saw when in the sea, to await orders for them from

> of the Devil's Hole before starting for their destination. "The small sum of "5 cents is charged for admission to the Devil's Hole. When you pay your money to go in the custodian hands you a loaf of bread With this you

first rested awhile in the coral-walled tanks

are permitted to feed the fish. "You feed them, and as perhaps quite number of other visitors are casting their bread upon the waters at the same time, the way that water boils beneath the little coral be cony or pathway on which you stand as the mass of ever-hungry fish struggie and surge and tumble over one another to get a share of the feast, is an incident that goes a long way toward justifying the name they have given that

"The custodian, or attendant, or keeper or whatever he is, of the Devil's Hole is a man named Duell. I said to him one day: "If a fellow should happen to fall into that pool down there he'd be not to drown before you could get him out."

"No," said he. He wouldn't have time to drown. The fish would save him from drowning."

dacch an eminent French swordsman who had spoken disparagingly of the art of sword play as taught in Italy. They met at 5 in the morning of June 10, 1891, at Paris, and the Frenchman was punctur beyond repair

Some fifteen days afterward a Schor Rodriguez, who it seems was incensed at Pavese's insistent assurances of his superiority, challenged Pavese to mortal combat out of friendship for the late M. Cardacch. His challenge was accepted and a meeting was arranged on the outskirts

Paris. Rodriguez died two days after he duel, of a wound in the chest inflicted Pavese's sabre. Pavese does not attach much importance o his other duels as they were fought after

Soon after this. Pavese figued promi ently in the events preceding ' ie Spanish-American Wir. It may be 'membered that Gen. Fitshugh Lee, then United States Consul at Havana and Capt. Sigsbee of the Maine, when the warship was blown up in Havana harbor, were simultaneously challenged to duels by Lieut. Carranza, ex-attaché of the Spanish Legation at this country in Washington. The Spanish officer was first expelled from this country and later from Canada, upon representa-tions of this Government that he was using that country as a base for secret service

the Spaniard's invitation to fight. Pavese, however, who is an Italian-American, offered to fight Carranza, and when the Spaniard protested that his quarrel was with the officers and not with Pavese forced him to take a slap across the face from Pavese's glove. The professor then made



giving exhibitions.

In San Francisco Pavese won a victory In San Francisco Pavese won a victory from one of the leading swordsmen of the United States, Prof. Trouchet, a Frenchman, in a bout for \$500 a side. In Philadelphia he met Martin Trentin who, though an Irishman, knew something of the art, but was decisively defeated. He defeated Prof. Rudolph, the Danish champion, before the Cleveland Fencing Club and secured a gold medal signifying the championship of America.

In January, 1901, Pavese challenged Louis R. Senac, the most prominent exponent of the French school of fencing in America, because Senac had criticised Italian swordsmen. Pavese, from Toronto, demanded a genuine duel, but, he says, the police stopped the arrangements. He has won a champion's diamond belt and lays claim to 300 victories in the last ten

lays claim to 300 victories in the last ten years and he is joyful over the revival of fencing schools.

Pavese says he will talk fencing business with President Roosevelt about March 4, when Congress has finished wrestling with the measures now before it. Mr. Roosevelt showed him on the occasion of his visit the foils, sabres and single sticks with which he has been experimenting, and crowded into the few minutes' talk he had with Pavese many questions as to the art. As to the President, Prof. Pavese expressed this oninion:

"Great-a swordsman' Fine-a swordsman! Roosavelta great-a man. I mak-a him one good-a man with da foil When I feenish with him other fellow have to take to tall-a timber if he want-a fence with Roosavelta.

"When I meet-a da Pres Monday las' da Pres' he ver' busy Too many Senator. Senator talk-a whole lot. Signor Pavese ver' busy, too. Roosavelta say 'Hello'! I say 'Hello'! He shak-a my hand, wan, two, t'ree minute I feel it after to see if my hand left. Such a wreest! Roosavelta got-a wreest I never saw before. Roosavelta a beautiful man. I lik-a him. He happy-go- ucky man and mak-a good-a fencer

Lovely man. No break a hees wreest "Lovely man. No break a hees wreest. He got-a good eye. I teach-a heem with hees glasses on. He tak-a care of heem-self. Oh! such an arm Pres' he helda my hand and he say. 'Pavese, you show-a me how to fence, and I show-a you—' No. no: he not show-a me how to fence in politic. I say: 'Excellenca, I show-a you.' Then he grab-a my hand again and I say 'Ouch' Nobody disarm-a heem. I'a Pres' fight-a hard when Pavese get t'rough with heem. In mortal combat da Pres' no lose, no lose. Pres' strong-a man'

fishes that may be put among them, with one exception. For some mysterious rea-son the beautiful angel fish of those tropical waters in entirely immune from the attacks of the fish in the Devil's Hole. "The trigger fish, the trunk fish, every other kind of fish that swims down there,

the placed the rockfish in one of the little side pools or tanks in the wall, and pached him up, and doctored him, and nursed him, and at last, after several weeks. he was able to be returned to the big pool, somewhat disfigured. Lu: still in the

TRAITS OF WELL-KNOWN MEN.

Mr. Carnegie likes to talk to tall men. OMNISCIENCE A DIVERSION OF Pittsburg friends say that they have known him to deliberately scrape up acquaintance with representatives of the six-feet-and-over class for no other reason in the world than to ask them how they managed to grow -A Trolley Kins Who Can't Ride on Trolley Cars-Mr. Carnegle's Ambition Mr. Carnegie has never got over his

boyhood ambition to be a big man, physically. Honce said to a friend apropos of this distripointment:

"People tell me that I'm a big man. But I'm not as big as I'd like to be. Look

Thomas Brackett Reed never read the hings printed about him with very much attention. He was intersely interested

statuette of an cirphant about six inches high. Whenever he was puzzied, or when he had the blues—and even he had them sometimes—it was bis went to stand and contemplate his little · \( \bar{\psi} \) phant in all its ugly grotesqueness, and thus he wrought between (w) members and each member between two guests. At a certain stage of out many a problem, and more than once woodd back the sunshine that had tem porarily disappeared.

guests included the most famous nerve specialist in the United States, a General in "A frame house was good enough for me to be born in," he always told his friends, when they asked him why he didn't build a medern residence, "and in a frame house I shall live petil y die." he army, the Governor of a State, an exouilder, a titled foreigner, a world-famous

> No Walk-Over for Shakespeare-Fallure of the Crop of Norwegian Poets.

The recent celebration of the seventieth birthday of Björnstjerne Björnson has brought out a large crop of anecdotes about the Norwegian poet and patriot, whose personality is almost as picturesque a that of his great rival and friend, Ibsen. Most of these stories have a touch of malice in them, probably because Björnson's imperious manners and all but brutal candor have made him many enemies.

It is asserted that once when Björnso happened to pick up a volume of Shakespeare's plays in a friend's house, he weighed the bulky tome in his hand for a moment as if to judge of its avoirdupois

"Yes, he was a good one"-pause, during which he dropped the book on the table-"but I am not dead yet."

A much pleasanter ancedote, which has also the merit of truth, is related about Björnson by Kristoffer Jansen, the ministerpoet, who spent a number of years in this country.

Björnson announced his firm belief that a new generation of poets would soon arise in Norway. It was one of his favorite ideas and he reverted to it time and again.

anybody else was Miss Karoline Reimers, who in 1858 became Mrs. Björnson. Shortly after their wedding Björnson promised his wife jestingly that he would keep her in pocket money by paying her \$1 for each

When at last the recitation ended and

## Peculiarities of the Buffalo Surgeon Who Attended Mr. McKluley.

BUFFALO, Feb. 14 .- Dr. Herman Mynt he well-known surgeon who cirdthic week was noted for his short rep i s and for the rankness with which he treated patients.

eady to whisper encouragingly to the patients, "Don't mind Dr. Mynter; he always tells you the worst.

One day the doctor's telephone rang and over the wire came the voice of a woman who had picked out the wrong number:

"Hello, is this Miller, the baker?" she

President McKinley. He called a space a space a space as space and his examination by the defence brought out the fact that he had never been too sanguire of the President's chances, During the face ul week he never voiced his apprehension and was loyal in support of Dr. Mann and the other surgeons.

It was Dr. Mann who wielded the knife

at the Exposition hospital and Dr. Mynter was beside him, giving his advice. Dr. Mynter might have been the operator, but he believed that Dr. Mann was a better

Mynter might have been the operator, but he believed that Dr. Mann was a better audominal surgeon than himself.

Dr. Mynter was courteous to most of the newspaper men about the Milburn house, where Mr. McKinley died, but one day he paused on his way to his carriage to pay his respects to the yellow fellows who were sending out absolute fakes.

"You will grant," he said with his Danish accent, "that it is impolite to ignore truth when it meets you face to face. Surprise your readers for one day by being truthful, accurate and, above all, national."

It was Dr. Mynter who recalled, after the President's death, that only one ruler had ever survived a bullet wound. That one was William the Silent, who in 1580, was shot in the jugular vein at the instance of Philip II. A surgeon held a finger on the wound for three weeks. William recovered, but four years later was shot in the abdomen by Balthazar Gerard and died.

HE IS TIRED OUT AND WILL STOP INVENTING FOR A WHILE.

But to Some People His Vacation Might Seem a Good Deal Like Work-Per One Thing He Will Try to Make Wood

Take the Place of Coal as a Fuel. Thomas A. Edison, in a stain-spotted suit and an old slouch hat drawn well down on his forehead, straightened himself up from a dilapidated little table over which he had been bending, threw a stub of a pencil down on a yellow pad of paper

and settled back in an arm chair. "At last," he said, "I've finished work on my storage battery and now I'm going to take a rest. He gazed thoughtfully out of a window

of his laboratory office for a moment. "For I'm tired-very tired," he added simply. "I'm all worn out."

The next second his eyes twinkled merrily "Yes, I've planned for a great vacation,

briskly and enthusiastically, "and it will begin after I've spent a few weeks in Florida. where I'm going in a few days. And the best part of it all is this-it will last two

Mr Edison rubbed his hands in anticipatory joy.

"I'm going to have a fine time-splendid time during these two years. I'm just going to rest. Yes, sir, that's what I'm going to do, and I'll tell you how I'm going to do it. "Up in my house across the street I've

a big book of over 400 pages filled with notes that I've jotted down from time to time during the last fifteen or twenty years They relate to things that I've observed while working out my various inventions, and I've simply put them down and done nothing with them, because I've not had time to investigate these various incidental

phenomena.
"Now, however, I'm tired—thoroughly tired-and I've made up my mind to drop industrial science for two whole years and rest myself by taking up pure scienceby investigating the thousand and one properties of metals and chemicals that 've got notes about in my book.

"Strenuous vacation? Not a bit of it All I'm going to do is what every pure scientist does-the fellow who finds out the actions of metals and chemicals under different conditions and in various combinations by experimenting, but who does not apply the results industrially.

"Guided by my notes. I'm going to mix things in laboratory mortars and chemists tubes and what not, and watch for results. That's all pure science does.
"It never thinks things out, like in-

dustrial science. It just blunders, stumble against discoveries, while industrial science is the result, in greater part, of concen

trated and consecutive thought.
"It will be fun and maybe I'll find out something worth while-who can teli? Anyway, I'm looking forward to a real good time, and, I believe, that, by hustling little, I'll be able to investigate every hing that I've notes about in my book."

What his notes relate to, Mr. Edison will not disclose, except to say that one of his investigations will be conducted toward finding a wood that will be a good substitute for coal, when that fuel becomes more scarce and a great deal more expensive than at present.

"I firmly believe," said Mr. Edison, "that the time will come when we in this country will secure most of our heat from wood in some form or other. The wood that will be used will come largely from tropical South America, where sprouts spring into full grown trees in three or four years.

"Then the vast Amazonian forests will be worked and nourished on a scientific basis by capitalistic syndicates and the world's fuel supply thus conserved for all time. And science will find a way to make purposes as coal. Perhaps it will be used something after the manner of charcoal-I believe that charcoal will some day be pretty generally used in the place of

"But don't think that we'll live to all this. The coal supply in this country is far greater than most people imagine. Immense deposits in the Hudson Bay re-

is far greater than most people imagine. Immense deposits in the Hudson Bay region are waiting to be opened, and great lignite beds are still unworked.

"Only after these and the present mines are worked out will people turn to the forests of tropical South America for their fuel. When that will be, time alone can tell—perhaps not before the days of our grand-children's grandchildren. But sooner or later it will come, and it won't do any harm for me to follow up certain observations about tropical wood as fuel that I jotted down in my book years ago. It'll all be a part of my rest, you know, and recreation means pleasure, doesn't it?"

Mr. Edison thinks that the growing of wood for fuel on land in temperate America would not prove remunerative enough for serious undertaking.

"There are thousands of acres of now uncultivated land in this country admirably adapted for such a purpose," he said, "but the scheme is impracticable for the simple reason that our climate is not trop'o'll enough to insure quick growth to the trees.

"After an acre was once cleared of wood, it would take sprouts six or eight or ten years to attain sufficient size for fuel purposes. This fact alone militates against such a plan to provide a substitute for coal.

years to attain sufficient size for fuel purposes. This fact alone militates against such a plan to provide a substitute for coal.

"Some enterprising fellow, though, could make a small fortune by securing control of several thousand acres of land of this description already wooded and harvesting the crop. I have about 25,000 acres of stunted woodland up in the Orange Mountains and I've figured out that each acre is capable of supplying the fuel equivalent of a ten of coal.

a ten of coal.

"Just now in my laboratories I'm burning a lot of this wood, thus outwitting the men who these days are getting two or three times the usual price for coal.

times the usual price for coal.

"the scieme to secure leat by boring down to the earth's centre also appeals to me as being impracticable, except in volcar ic regions. There the earth's crust is thin and the molten matter comparatively near the surface being, it could be easily reached and obtained by means of pipes sunk down to it and utilized for manufacturing and heating purposes.

reached and obtained by means of pipes sunk down to it and utilized for manufacturing and heating purposes.

"In the non-volcance regions, the crust is too thick and the molten interior so far distant that to reach it by boring would be a too problematical undertaking for invested capital. And that part of the world is non-volcanic where heat is needed for bedily comfort, and fuel consuming industries thrive.

"But while many men are busying them-But while many men are busying themselves with there and other schemes to secure heat, in the other hand, if the signs of the times count for anything, I believe that the next few years will witness a great development of hitherto unworked coal fields by big manufacturers. The late coal tribe heat for the second tribe heat for t strike has proved to them that they must have their own mines and in this way be independ nt of outside operators and insure against enforced closing down of their mills for lack of fuel. "I happen to know of several owners of industrial establishments who are already

seeking to secure and work coal lands, and these men assure me that many of their rivals are aiming in the same direction Here Mr. Edison reverted to his vacation.
"Now that I'm about to take a rest and

am beginning to get a true perspective of the last twenty years of my life. I begin to realize mere than ever before hew very lit-tle I km.w—how very little I have accom-

plished.

"Why, with all my work in electricity I don't know what electricity is. True, I've thought out several inventions and made my brain and body weary thereby,

"Why, simply this—very little, hardly anything, when we think of the things still to be done and still to be learned of the forces all around us that we don't understand in the least, that we scarcely dream of.

"Yes, sir; that's the gospel truth. But, say," Mr. Edison's eyes laughed merrily—they are eyes that never lore their sparkle and fire, no matter how tired the rest of their possessor's body may be—"perhaps I'll learn a little bit of the unknown during my two years' vecation. Anyway, I'm my two years' vecation. Anyway, I'm going to work hard to do so, and I'm going to have a fine rest."

WITH THE AID OF YELLOW JACK. Secret of an American Consul's Long Tenure in South America.

A man from South America tells this story of an American Consul down there who died recently after having retained possession of his office through Administration after Administration, in spite of

all efforts to oust him:
"Brown," he said, "held his yost through sunshine and through rain, through Republican and Democratic administrations, through revolutions and through invasions, through yellow fever and through everything else on the South American calendar. Not that he was a particularly bright and shining light at the diplomatic game, either, and not that he worked particularly hard at Washington to hold his job, for he just plodded along in an even way and didn't appear to care a rap for his place.

"I learned the secret of his system some years ago and now that he is dead it won't do any harm to talk about it.

"The place where he was Consul was one of the choicest yellow fever hatcheries anywhere on the globe. Probably that was the reason why he was sent there originally. I know that it was the reason why all the troublesome applicants for consular jobs who went to Washington were assigned to that place when nothing else served to put them off.

"When Brown learned that he was practically proof against the old yellow and the rum habit he hatched up a little scheme to stay there. You see, nobody cared to have him back in the United States and he knew it, so he thought he might as well stay where he was.

"When a new applicant came down to take the post Brown always greeted him with the utmost cordiality, saying that he was glad to get out of the blasted old hole and that nothing on earth could tickle him more than to take the very first steamer back to civilization. His next words were always an offer to take the new man around the town and show him a few of the ropes of the place.
"In the course of this trip they always

of the place.

"In the course of this trip they always got to the graveyard sooner or later and then Brown always became deeply affected. Going around he pointed out this and that tombstone, accompanying his gestures with something like this:

"Do you see that grave over there? Well, that's poor old Robinson's. He came down here full of hopes of a good beginning in a brilliant career and, poor fellow, he was carried away at almost the beginning of it.

"If my memory does not fail me he came here on the 7th of the month and died on the 11th. Oh, yes, he was the Consul here. I followed him, in fact.

"That over there is old Carey's grave. He was a very popular fellow, too. Yellow jack got him. I think he had hardly landed before he became ill. His folks were terribly cut up over it. Can't blame them

"And Paisley's grave is somewhere in here. I don't see it just now, but it's here just the same. Yes, another case of yellow jack." "What's the matter, old man? Not

jack. What's the matter, old man? Not

"What's the matter, old man? Not feeling well? Oh, it's nothing, I dare say. A fellow is often taken that way when he has been here a little while."

"The thing invariably ended in the new-comer's taking the next steamer back and in Brown blowing the gang off at his joint. It was at the final scene of one of these occasions that the poor old chap was taken. If and he met one of the most tragic deaths, in view of the circumstances, that I ever heard of "He had ordered the first bottle from the servant when it came. You see, it was always a celebration for him because all he had to do after the newcomer sailed back

he had to do after the newcomer saled back was to ask for the job over again

"Here's prosperity and long life to the new Consul, he said, raising his glass and waving his hand at the departing steamer.

"Then he suddenly grew pale and totered for a moment.

"Guess there is a new man coming this time," he said, regaining his composure.

The old yellow jack has hit the Consul at last.

"And he died within forty-eight hours." RILEY'S CHECKER POEM.

And an Interesting Occasion When He Recited It for an Audience of One. From the Indianapolis Journal.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7.—Although one of the most popular lecturers in the country, James Whitcomb Riley once spoke to an audience of one man. This solitary auditor was W. J. Eth-il of Washington, who formerly lived in Indiana, and at one time was the poet's partner in the sign-writing business. Mr. Ethell has a fund of good stories about Riley, but the one he is fondest of telling is how Riley used him once for an audience. As with "Old Sport," a character in Hoyt's Rag Baby, it was a case of trying it on the dog. "In 1880 I lived in Leadville, Col.," said Mr. Ethell, the other morning, "and that year I happened to be going home to Indiana

on a visit. I stopped in Indianapolis over night, went to the theatre and there met He came in and sat down in front of Riley. He came in and sat down in front of me. Of course we were glad to see each other and had quite a chat. After the theatre closed we went to the Occidental Hotel, where l ordered a fire in my room and we prepared to spend the remainder of the evening. I asked Riley to tell me what he had been doing in the way of writing and lecturing. I lighted my cigar and lay down on the bed, while Riley pulled out a table, and, using it as a speaker's stand, proceeded to recite everytime had written in the two previous thing he had written in the two previous years and everything he had recited in public. Things he had witten, but had not published yet he gave me, and I have often thought what a treat that would have been for some

vet he gave me, and I have often thought what a treat that would have been for some great audience.

"One of the things be recited was 'The Champion Checker Player of America.' This is a poem he had written to recite, but unfortunately it had not been popular with the public in cities because they couldn't appreciate the story. He gave it to me, and, having lived in a village, it made a hit with me. I think it is one of the best things Riley ever recited. The man who has lived in the country town can appreciate the poem thest when Riley and myself were boys checkers used to be a great game and wherever you, ound a shoe cobbler's shop in the village there your found a checkerboard and a lot of fellows that were crack players. Riley's poem told about a young lawyer from the city who, while waiting for a train in the village, strayed into a cobbler's shop and found a checkerboard. He was something of a player himself and proceeded to beat all the boys loafing around the shop. After the last one had been defeated they sent outlor the champion checker player, who came and sat down to the board with the young knyer. As the siory send, the champion checker player, who came and sat down to the board with the young knyer. As the siory send, the champion checker player, who came and sat down to the board with the young knyer. As the siory send, the champion checker player, who came and sat down to the wait the hadden which whistle when they play This one had some doieful ar and he would whistle several bars of it before he made a move. Finally, between his doieful whistling and his vexations deliberation, he managed to wear the young lawyer out, and was declared the winner.

"Rhiey had this down pretty line," continued Mr. Ethell, "and gave me an imitation of this whistling player. Resum one foot on the chair he played with an imaginary checkerboard on the table. He would whistle awhile and then recite the lines, and now and then he would make a move. I have never been able to understand why that poem did not make a hit,

the fashion of the French, that is, for blood. In 1803 he came to this country and went to the World's Fair in Chicago to give exhibitions, demonstrating to the American public his superiority as a swordsman. At the close of the fair he went to New York where he demonstrated his great power of endurance by meeting and defeating twenty swordsmen in one night, fencing six hours with only ten minutes' rest every two

operations.

American officers did not see fit to accept the Spaniard's invitation to fight. Pavese,



tour of the United States and Canada

expressed this opinion:
"Great-a swordsman' Fine-a swordsman!

for Pavese to challenge the Count. The challenge was accepted and sabres selected as the weapons. After fighting for some time the Count received a cut in the head which needed thirteen stitches to

Pros' strong-a mascientific societies, natural history museums and the like. Most of the Bermuda fishes that are shown in the New York Aquarium

other kind of hish that swims down there, have not an instant to live, once put in that pool, but the angel fish glides to and fro therein, with never one of those fierce and hungry monsters to injure it or make

and hungry monsters to injure it or make it afraid.

"Due'll had a big turtle in that pool. It measured at least three feet across the shell, and had a head formidable in proportion. Once this mammoth turtle took offense at something a big rockfish in the pool had done or hadn't done, I don't know which, and pitched into the fish.

"The result was a fight that would have made all subsequent proceedings in the Devil's Hole of no possible interest to the rockfish, but for the opportune interference of Dueil. He mans ged to pound the turtle's clutch on the fish leose, and he took the fish cut of the pool with a good part of what you might call one shoulder gone, besides having other discouraging gouges and abrasions.

ing of the mill employees. Schwab consented, a. ... at he appointed hour, appeared "And during that hospital treatment, so

that pool down there he'd be act to drown before you could get him out."

"No,' said he. He wouldn't have time to drown. The fish would save him from drowning."

"The fish?' said I.

"Yes,' said he. They'd eat him up before he went down once '

"Why,' said I. 'did any one ever fall in?'

"No,' said he: 'but a large and valuable dog of mine fell in one time. In but little more time than it takes me to tell you, there wasn't as much as a hair of him left floating on the water.'

"Those big fish fight among themselves to speak, the fish had formed a most singular attachment for Lucil, which attachment he still makes manifest, and no demand, either from market or colle tor could separate that fish from Lucil. Duell has only to go to the edge of the pool and give a pecuniar whistie, when the rockts, will answer the call with a rush, push his big head and half his shoulders out of the water. White back, stroking it as he would a pet kitten's, the fish all the waile giving unmistakable expression of its affectionate recognition of its benefactor."

has received into the left-hand side pocket of his sack coat, and, as soon as he gats into a cab or car, he begins pulling them out, wading them one by one, and transferring them carefully to his right-hand side packet as fast as they are read.

In thus utilizing his spare time for the perusal of his clippings he keeps much closer tab on the comments made on himself and his acts than almost any other man now in the public eye. It might be added that he generally laughs lang and heartily at the frequent gites due to his story telling and jokes, but a serious criticism by a paper of his own faith sometimes causes him considerable discomfort. P. A. B. Widener, who owns and operate: thousands of miles of street railways in a PR P PAVESE. score of American cities, never rides in a trolley car when he can avoid it. For some reason, the motion of an electric par nauscates him, and produces the same disastrous effect as a sea voyege on the average transatiantic traveller. Mr. Widener cace made a brave attempt to

conquer this feeling. In company with his partner, Will'am L. Elkins, he got on a suburban car at his country home, in Elkins, determined to stick it out until he had reached his office in Philadelphia. It happens that, by trolley, Mr. Widener's office is just twelve miles from his residence. The car, according to Mr. Elkins, who frequently tells the story, had scarcely got started on the first mile when he noticed that his friend was beginning to look white about the lips and shifted uneasily in his scat.

white about the lips and shifted uneasily in his seat.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Elkins.

"O-h-h, no-nothing," said Mr. Widener.

"A few minutes later," says Mr. Elkins.

"Peter jumped out and rushed wildly for, the door. The conductor, taking in the situation, wildly signalled the motorman, who, thinking some one had jumped from the car, suddenly stopped it, with the result that Peter was thrown into my arms. Tenderly I helped him to the ground, and, some time after he had found his legs, he turned to me and said, plaintively:

"Bill, why can't a man, when he's able to buy up a trolley system, enjoy a ride

to buy up a trolley system, enjoy a ride on it, too?"

Mr. Widener hasn't tried a second time to reach his office by trolley. Mr. Elkins experiences no discomfort in a trolley car, but he is miserable when

his valet forgets to place a flaming red carnation or an orchid of the same color in his coat lapel every morning. By reason of this hobby Mr. Elkins is marked man whenever he walks Philadelphia's streets, and many a promoter, unable to gain entrance into the financier's private office, has waited for him at the foot of the elevator, spotted him

at the foot of the elevator, spotted him by the flower and importuned him in public to take up with this scheme or that.

Mr. Elkins's passion for these two flowers in particular, and all flowers in general, is so strong that at his country home in Elkins—a picturesque Philadelphia suburb which bears his name and has been developed by him—he has no fewer than a dozen big greenhouses filled with all sorts of blooming plants. His favorite flower for his dinner table is the American Beauty rose, and costly vases filled with selected buds are always to be found in the great dining-room.

Charles M. Schwab, as a musician, is not very well known to the world at large, but among his intimate associates the president of the United States Steel Cor-

poration is considered a singer and a pian ist of no mean ability.

Mr. Schwab as a boy in Loretto, the little Pennsylvania mountain town from which he went into the world to make his fortune was taught music by the Sisters of Mercy who have a convent at that place. For years he sang in the church choir, and when he went down to Braddock to work in the steel mills, his voice aided him in

forming new acquaintances readily.

that this accomplishment was, in large measure, responsible for Mr. Schwab's gaining the good will of Andrew Carnegie. Be that as it may, this is what Braddock folks sav. It seems that while Schwab was still in a very minor position in the mill, his fellow workers, knowing his ability as a singer, asked him to sing at a certain social gather-

The story is frequently told in Braddock

clad in Highland costume, and sang a typical clad in Highland costume, and sang a typical scottish song.

He was just in the midst of it, and the audience was giving him close attention when the door leading into the room opened and who should the unexpected newcomer be but Andrew Carnegie himself. It is said that Mr. Carnegie enjoyed both the song and the singer's evident confusion, and it is further said that the ironmaster, who had already heard something of Schwab who had already heard something of Schwab was led to inquire further about his abilities with the result that he obtained wider and with the result that he obtained wider and wider opportunities.

Mr. Schwab particularly delights in indulging in his love of music when at his summer home in Loretto. He plays on the plano many times a day, and those of his former playmates now remaining in

though, in carteens which took up him or is schemes. He used to preserve caricatures of himself, and the first in which he figured had a place of honor in his library, framed, much to the distress of "rs. Reed. It was printed early in the 73s. Reeds queerest fad was a grotesque

The late C. L. Magee, the millionaire of Pitteburg, would never live in any other

## TOLD OF BJORNSON.

Then he is reported to have remarked

In the first article he ever published

One who heard more of it, perhaps, than

in picket money by paying her \$1 for each new imaginative work by a native writer that took his fancy.

"They will be coming, they will be coming," he cried triumphantly. "I'll have to work hard to keep my promise."

But they did not come. Months passed and if Mrs. Björnson received any pocket money it was not owing to the merit of any native poet or novelist. Björnson himself was then best known through "Synnöve Solbakken," which he had published not long before.

Charmed by this beautiful piece of writing, Kristoffer Jansen, then a young student, made his way to the poet's home at Christiania, carrying in his pocket a roll of peems of his own in manuscript.

Björnson was lying on his back on a lounge playing with his first-born, Bjön, who is now director of the National Norwegian Theatre, but was then still in his swadding

Theatre, but was then still in

Theatre, but was then still in his swaculing clothes.

"Go on," he said with a gracious nod to the visitor as soon as he had heard the cause and the purpose of the visit.

Young Jansen began to read. Now and then he would look up to see what impression he was making on his listener. As far as he could make out, Björnson was wholly absorbed in the play with the child.

When at last the recitation ended and

child.

When at last the recitation ended and Jansen lapsed into despairing silence, too awed to venture a question even. B örnson leaped to his fiet, dropped the child into the cradle and rushed out of the room. A moment later he returned, leading his wife by the hand.

"Karoline," he said to her, "I have heard something that I like at last, and here is your first dollar."

Jansen stared in unfeigned surprise. But the explanation that followed made him blush with pleasure.

"And now you must hear my latest," Björnson said, taking a manuscript from the drawer of his writing table.

It was "Arne." Jansen listened to the reading of it with hated breath. When the end came, Björnson demanded:

"Well, what do you think of it?"

Jansen gasped and stammered and blushed. He wanted to say something nice and he could not find words that seemed good enough. Finally he burst out:

"I—I think Mrs. Björnson should have another dollar."

MYNTER'S FRANKNESS.

"I think you are going to die," he would say to a patient on whom he was about to perate. "However, we shall see." Hospital nurses in such cases had to be

asked.
"No. madame," replied the surgeon,
"this is Mynter, the butcher."
Dr. Mynter was the most interesting
witness at the trial of Czolgosz for killing
President McKinley. He called a space a

the town of their boyhood believe that there is no planist alive who can equal him in playing "ragtime."